

For the Children

OUR QUEST.

By Nancy Byrd Turner.

We followed the Rainbow Road,
When the storm had grumbled by,
The rainbow stood by the big east wood
With its top against the sky.
Dot and the dog and I,
—The dog with the curly tail—
And a spade to dig for our treasure big,
A spade and a new tin pail.
(She was the company, I in command,
And the dog went along to guard the band).

The colors came down to the ground,
—Somebody told us so—
And somebody told how a pot of gold
Was hid at the end of the bow.
We hurried along, a-row,
Ready to seek and find;
I led the lot and next came Dot,
With the curly-tailed dog behind.
(She was a girl, and so, in case
Of danger, I gave her the safest place).

O, we were almost there,
And we would have been rich, no doubt,
But the wind came by with a dreadful cry,
And the Beautiful Bow went out.
When we turned to look about
The great black dark had come—
We ran so fast that Dot was lost,
And the dog was the first one home.
(And the rainbows come and the rainbows go,
But Dot and the dog and I—we know).
—St. Nicholas.

CLIFFORD'S VISIT.

"I wish there were no old dishes to wipe," whined Clifford. "I never saw one little supper make so many. Rob White never wipes dishes, and I think it's hateful that I have to do it."

Mrs. Fagan looked at him in dismay.

"Why, Clifford, I thought you enjoyed helping mother," she said.

Clifford felt sorry about the pained look on his mother's face. "I do like to help you, mother, and all that, but dishes are girl's work. I wish I didn't have to wipe any more for a whole month, anyway."

"Well, you need not," said Mr. Fagan, who had just come into the room.

"Why needn't I?" questioned Clifford.

"I had a letter from cousin Helen Webb today, and she wants you to visit her for a month. She says she wants some life in the old home," explained Mr. Fagan.

Clifford danced in glee. "May I go?" he questioned. "I never saw Cousin Helen, but I know she would be fine. It will be great fun to visit in a little town."

So it was arranged that the visit should be made, and Clifford spent the week intervening in making plans. He arrived at his cousin's in a state of great excitement. He could hardly go to sleep that night for thinking of what he would do the next day.

His cousin rapped on the door at half-past five the next morning.

"Yes," called Clifford drowsily, and he immediately went to sleep again.

At six Miss Webb opened Clifford's door. "Breakfast

is ready," she said quietly. "I am surprised that you are so lazy. A big boy should be up early. I am ashamed of you."

"Mamma lets me sleep until nine o'clock," he answered, in surprise. "She says a growing boy needs lots of sleep to make him strong."

At breakfast Clifford's table manners were criticised. His cousin was shocked, later, when he slid down the banisters. She was greatly amazed when he went uptown without asking.

"Why, Cousin Helen, a fellow must do something for amusement," he explained.

"Well, walk in the garden, or read. I don't like any one to tear about the house. How do I know whom you would talk to uptown? I want you to have proper company while you are here. And I may as well say I don't want boys coming here to play, either; they make too much noise."

At the end of three days Clifford longed for home. There he had some liberties; here it was always "don't." He had never realized how nice home was before. That evening out of sheer loneliness he offered to wipe the supper dishes.

"No, thank you," said his cousin. "You would break one the first thing."

"I wipe my mother's dishes, and they are just as nice as yours." Clifford knew the remark was impolite, but he didn't care.

"I am going home today," Clifford the next morning announced at breakfast.

"Going home!" his cousin exclaimed. "Why, you came to stay a month, and a week is not gone yet."

"I don't care. It seems as if I would die if I didn't see my father and mother today. I'm going home at one o'clock." And go he did.

Mr. and Mrs. Fagan were surprised just as they sat down to supper by a "Hello!" followed by Clifford.

"Why, Clifford, what is the matter?" his mother exclaimed.

"Nothing, I just got homesick. I thought I would just die. I guess Cousin Helen don't understand boys; she never wanted me to do a thing. I am so glad to be home. I won't even complain if I have to wipe the dishes."

"So there are worse things than wiping dishes, are there, son?" his mother asked, smiling.

"Yes, and I'll tell you what it is. It's to live with some one who don't understand a fellow like his mother does. Mothers don't mind a boy's noise and fun," and Clifford gave her a resounding kiss.—Methodist Recorder.

BABY'S FINGERS.

By Emilie Poulson.

I thumbkin says, "I'm stout and strong";
Pinter says, "I'm nimble";
Tall-man says, "I'm very long;
I shall wear a thimble";
Feeble-man says, "I come next,
With a ring on, maybe";
Little-man says, "I'm so small,
I'm the finger baby."

Kindness is the language that even the dumb can speak
and the deaf can hear and understand.—Bovee.